

J---L's W I F E.

A

NEW BALLAD.

I N

A N S W E R

To One, Intitled,

S---S and J---L.

K

Flectere si SUPEROS nequeo, ACHERONTA MOVEBO.
VIRG.

L O N D O N:

Printed for G. Foster, at the *White Horse*, on *Ludgate-Hill*.

M.DCC.XLIII.

(Price Six-Pence.)

J--Ls WIFE

A

NEW BALLAD



ANSWER

To One, limited,

2--2 and J--L

Printed by J. S. P. at the White Horse, on the Hill,
Virg.

LONDON:

Printed for G. F. at the White Horse, on the Hill.
M. DCC. LXXII.
(Price Six-Pence)

F---L's W I F E.

A

NEW BALLAD.

I.

AROUND th' *infernal Plain* she rov'd
To seek his *shrivel'd Ghost*,
Who'd robb'd her of her *best Delight*,
And what she *valued most*.

II.

Her *Face* was *ruddy* made by *Art*,
And various *Pimples* rose ;
For *Patriotism* fir'd her *Heart*,
And *Gin* had fir'd her *Nose*.

III.

She *trembled* much before she spoke,
As does a *Wife* engag'd!
And thrice she *drank*, and thrice she *wept*,
E'er she in *Fight* engag'd.

IV.

IV.

And then began---My *Patriot Love* !
Now you have ended Life,
You'll see your *Principles* were rul'd
By what rules *All---a Wife*.

V.

And, thank my Stars ! tho' I am *dead*,
Yet *other Women* rule ;
The *wanton Wife of Bath* can make
The greatest L--d a F--l.

VI.

Then what's the Part that S--ds shou'd act,
When he, who led the *Van*,
Deserted *first* the *general Cause*,
And grew a N--ble M--n ?

VII.

The *Cause* was good, but *Folks* were bad ;
And who can *Wealth* withstand ?
For what does all the Nation toil,
But to get *Cash* in *Hand* ?

VIII.

Like *You*, when first you gave your *Word*,
You'd not the Pr---ce oppose ;
Yet when you came to give your *V---te*,
Appear'd the *worst* of *Foes*.

IX.

The *War* with *Spain*, no doubt, is right ;
Yet B---b grew rich in *Peace* ;
And can his *Successor* do so,
Unless the *War* shou'd *cease* ?

X.



X.

Whoever thinks a St---sm---n aim'd
To seek his *Country's Good*,
Must be a *doating Fool*, like *You---*
---A C---rt taints all their *Blood*.

XI.

Shou'd I the ONLY *Cause* repeat
Of all our *Grief* and *Woes*,
'Twou'd make the *Graves* give up their *Dead*,
And *Villany* depose.

XII.

If *Sense*, as some *Folks* wisely hold,
Doth from the *Juices* flow,
Water is sure the *common Drink*
At all your *Banquets* now.

XIII.

Else they would not so civil be
To *Strangers* as they are ;
For mark my *Words---*For all *Mankind*
But for *themselves* they care.

XIV.

The *Fabrick* of the *Common Weal*,
One horrid *Day* threw down,
And vulgar *Hands* spoil'd the *Estate*
Our *Father's Blood* had won.

XV.

The Master of our C---rtly *Crew*,
FRENCH *Wine* too long hath been ;
Our St---sm---n wou'd have *better judg'd*
If drunk with *English GIN*.

XVI.

XVI.

The *Soldiers*, reeling to and fro,
In *Cellars* oftimes *fight* ;
Tie not their *Arms* then, now *abroad*,
Nor *damp* their *Spirits* quite.

XVII.

'Tis hard to find the *Country's* FOE,
So *many* now there are ;
But tell me where you'll find its FRIEND,
For that, *indeed*, is rare.

XVIII.

What's *Worth*, or *Sense*, or *Parts*, or *Weight*,
If to oblige a *Punk*,
We must give up *all* *Privilege*,
And that of *being drunk* ?

XIX.

What *Wren* that has a *Mind* to *mount*,
The *fatal* *Risque* wou'd run,
And for an *Eagle* climb a *Hawk*
That cannot *face* the *Sun* ?

XX.

All Men hate *C--rt*, and *Place* and *Pow'r*
'Till they obtain *Command* ;
And *Patriotism* is a *Card*
That's play'd to *either* *Hand*.

XXI.

Long lost to Us, has been, *G--d* knows !
Our *trifling* *Stock* of *Brains* ;
But no one will dispute the *Mask*,
The *specious* *Front* remains.

XXII.

XXII.

The *Head* that You wou'd have Him take,
Is now the *Nation's Due* :
But grant, ye Pow'rs ! that *He*, with that
Mayn't take the *Conscience* too.

XXIII.

The *Charioteer* may overfet
His *Master*, at a Jirk ;
But He must *labour* that retrieves
His blund'ring, dirty Work.

XXIV.

For this his Parts must be display'd
T' *undo* again *Undoing* ;
And Fools will rattle, rail and rave,
Tho' sav'd, *Themselves*, from *Ruin*.

XXV.

Who'd talk of *Oaks*, which firmly stand
Each Blast, and ev'ry Shock ;
When your *Great Men* all imitate
St. J-----'s Weathercock ?

XXVI.

What's ev'ry Man that's left behind,
But grown a *Jester's Sport* ?
Tho' formerly They had but *One*,
They've *Twenty* now at C----t.

XXVII.

Their *Light* is borrow'd, 'tis well known ;
And if their *SUN* is bad ;
Who wou'd expect *inferior Light*,
Must be, or *drunk* or *mad*.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

I must be gone----And know, thou **Wretch!**
FREEDOM's a *Glow-worm's Fire.*
Few are the *Hours* it now can *shine,*
 For *soon* it *must* expire.

XXIX.

The antient M--st--r of the R--lls
 ('Tho' now a *Ghost*) grew *stiff,*
 And trembling cry'd----Why **BE IT SO!**
 And **NOTICE GIVE FORTHWITH.**

F I N I S.



